

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER.

THE

WEEKLY JOURNAL

FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams.

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year... 3.00.
Two copies, one year... 5.00.

No. 96.

THE SNOW.

BY IDALIA.

Softly, airily falls the snow,
From the dull, gray sky to the earth below.
Swifter and swifter the great stars fall,
Till the cold, pure veil is over all,
And familiar scenes, in mystic white,
Gleam ghastly strange in the shimmering light.
Oh, the snow, the snow, the beautiful snow!
Calmly it floats from its home on high,
Through the frosty air from the clouded sky
To rest on the earth below.

Laughing and shouting, wild with glee,
Bright eyes, darting here and there to see,
The little ones welcome it merrily.
In frolicsome sport the snowballs fly,
And ready are all the sleds to try
In famous coasting down the steep hill,
Spinning, more and more, fast and still.
Oh, the snow, the snow, the merry white snow!
Coming to earth in a dizzy dance.
As a light breeze gives it another chance
In a last quick whirl to go.

Truly wrapped in her ragged shawl,
A poor child weeps as star-flakes fall,
And the cold white snow gathers over all.
Now winter comes with sleet and sleet,
Bitter indeed to little feet.

Ah, Poverty's child well knows 'tis sad

To those half-sheltered and poorly clad!

Oh, the snow, the snow, the pitiful snow!

Baying heed to the helpless cry,

The silencing of the tearful eye;

But seeming to mock at woe.

A young girl, from her casement high,
Looks up at the lowering sky.
And smiles as still, swift, the snow-flakes fly.

In castle-building she seems to hear
The merry music of bells draw near.

And again, as the bright moon rises and light,
The sleighs will glide o'er the road to-night.

Oh, the snow, the crystalline, dazzling snow!

How it will glimmer, and glitter, and gleam

When the moon shall cast a ring-ring beam
On the fun and mirth below.

One whose black robe and tearful eye
Tells of her grief, watches the sky.

And smiles as still, swift, the snow-flakes fly.

"Only a week since our home, so sad;
With baby-prattle and glee was glad;

And there was the patter of little feet,
Merry to mother—child, how sweet.

Oh, the snow, the joyful and happy snow!

Each icy flake on my heart doth fall,
For it is spreading its dead-white pall.

On my darling's grave, I know."

An aged man, with heavy sigh,
Murmurs, "I'll lay me down to die,
And the snow will cover me by and by;
I have so fast this blinding sight;

I have so fast this blinding sight;

That life's sad journey is near its close.

The snow shall cover me when day grows.

Oh, the snow, the pitying, shell'ring snow!

It shall spread o'er me its mantle white,

A hideous, cold world's scornful sight—

My misery, sin and woe."

A poor girl walks through cold and sleet,
From daily toil, through dark night street,
To the only welcome she'll ever meet.

A fireless garret, a crust of bread,
And barely a shelter for her head.

"I'm sick," she sighs, "but I must stand
Of those who sleep on the Savior's breast!"

Yet, patience! The pure white, innocent snow!

When another winter shall have come,
And I am safe in my last long home,
Will cover my grave below."

Calmly, steadily falls the snow,
From distant sky to earth and low.

Alas! it has come to hapless and sad,
Alike to the rich and poorly clad.

It has danced and whirled through frosty air,
Or floated down calm, serene and fair.

On these the immortal, patient snow!

At night the moonbeam shall surely gleam
On Earth, asleep in a still white dream,
Wrapped in its mystic glow.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



Laura turned deathly pale, and trembled like an aspen. "It's Gilbert Rook," she said.

Julia's Peril: OR, THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN NEVIN.

A JUNE sun is setting, round and red, behind the Highlands of the Hudson, and the mighty river, with its majestic sweep, is wrapt in sombre shadows, only the highest cliffs catching the reflected radiance of the bright-hued clouds which drift everywhere, from horizon to zenith, like crimson and gold fantasies through a land of enchantment.

Oak Manor, standing as it does on one of the highest knobs, still banks in the light, and Alice Houston and Mabel Lynn are walking up and down the broad piazza, arm in arm.

Two years have passed since Mabel first came to Oak Manor, and these two years have done much for her. She has grown round and plump, and, perhaps, three inches taller, giving her form a little, though wolly appearance; and, while Alice is dark and radiantly beautiful, Mabel is all tenderness and sweetness. Her hair is possibly a darker shade of gold, but it is gold still, fine, fleshy gold, such as peris might have tucked up with crystal combs in Oriental caves, or Tom Moore's poesy made known their beauty to the world.

Life has been very pleasant to her since the date of her adoption by Captain Houston, and she and Alice have learned to love each other very dearly.

They are talking now of their projected trip to Newport, and planning little excursions among the Highlands, after they come home.

"You have never seen the sea, Mabel?" exclaimed Alice; "but when you do, you will just go wild over it. The white sandy beach, and the great green waves. Oh, it is so beautiful."

"But, not half so beautiful as Mabel's self," said a voice close behind the girls, and turning, they met the gaze of Captain Houston. By his side stood a gentleman of thirty-three, or thereabouts. An exceedingly stately and handsome man he was, although

his face was burned with tropic suns, and there was a certain air about him that had a tendency to make him look grave, or sad, or both.

"Alice, can you guess who this is?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," darting a quick glance upward, and then dropping her eyes again, her face suffused with blushes.

The stranger smiled, and Mabel thought she never had seen as handsome a man in her whole life before.

"This, then, is John Nevin," said the captain, with a chuckle, and evidently enjoying his daughter's embarrassment.

She was about to rush to his arms, but when she looked up into his earnest eyes, she restrained herself, and said, simply:

"Cousin John, you are welcome to Oak Manor."

They shook hands; but, notwithstanding the reception was a little cool, when it is remembered that these two were betrothed to each other. But John Nevin did not seem to expect any thing more, and he simply said in return:

"Thank you! I'll try and deserve your welcome."

Mabel was then introduced by Captain Houston to the stranger, and the latter, after looking at her for a moment, said, in his usual grave way:

"Miss Lynn, I have surely seen you somewhere before, or at least, somebody who resembles you a great deal. Ah, yes! I remember now; you are the very image of a dear friend whom I met and was intimate with in Europe—Laura Robsart. Did you ever know a lady of that name?"

"No; I never knew a lady of that name," answered Mabel, smiling a little.

John Nevin did not smile in return, but bit his lip, and muttered to himself: "How like she is to Laura—how very like!"

Then he proposed a stroll in the grove; the girls accepted, and for the next hour John Nevin regaled them with his European experiences. He told them of his trip up the Rhine; of Erbach and Darmstadt; of Cologne and Strausburgh; of picture-galleries and old cathedrals.

"His voice was deep and earnest, and though it was but the most trivial matter he spoke, the calm dignity of his words made his auditors all attention.

"It was at Rheims I first met Laura Robsart," he said, "whom I have already spoken of as the counterpart of Miss Mabel here. We traveled in the same diligence for thirty miles, and when we reached the village of Evert, her father-in-law, who was her sole traveling companion, became very ill—in fact, I thought he would die ere we reached the inn."

"It was an awkward position for a lady," remarked Alice; "alone, and in a strange country, with a dying man."

"Yes, very awkward, and Miss Robsart realized this keenly," he replied. "But, then, Laura was not a weakish woman, nor

one easily frightened or nonplussed, so she at once asked my assistance to help the invalid from the creaking old vehicle to the inn, and when I had done so, she said: 'You being an American, as we are, I am emboldened to ask you if you would please secure us seats in the diligence that leaves tomorrow for Cologne. We intend to rest there until my father-in-law recovers sufficiently to travel further.'

"Did you do so?" asked Mabel, interested in the story.

"Of course I did. Men are not apt to disoblige beautiful women, Miss Lynn, especially when they are not seriously inconvenienced by the performance of the gallantry, and Laura was beautiful—very, very beautiful, indeed."

Mabel blushed as he said this, remembering what he had said of a resemblance between her and Laura; and Alice, coloring slightly, asked:

"Was she a widow?"

"Yes. I afterward learned from her own lips that her husband died in California, in 1853."

"Did her father-in-law die abroad?" questioned Alice.

"No; I went with them to Cologne, and remained there for three months. On several occasions he was on the brink of the grave, but by tender nursing, on the part of Laura, he was brought through; and two years ago, when I parted with them at Antwerp, he was as sound physically as I am to-day."

When the trio returned to the house, the lamps were lit in the grand saloon.

"Play something for us, Alice, will you?" asked John Nevin; "and you, Miss Mabel, sing. I know you can sing."

Alice played, with dashing vivaciousness of manner, a sprightly air; then the accompaniment to a song of welcome, which Mabel sang with fervor and brilliancy, and when the music ceased, John Nevin thanked his entertainers, and by request sang an old, quaint, dreary German song himself.

The lamps were burning low and the moonlight was streaming in through the half-open windows, and falling in light, fantastic shapes on the velvet carpet, when the two girls bid John good-night, and tripped upstairs to bed.

"Oh, Mabel, ain't he handsome?" exclaimed Alice, as soon as they had reached their chamber, clasping her hands together and drawing a long breath.

"Yes," answered Mabel, "but not very affectionate. Cold as an iceberg, and gloomy as one of those old cathedrals he seems so fond of."

"But he will not be so after he is better acquainted," said Alice. "Besides, he seemed warm enough at times."

"Yes—when he spoke of Laura."

Alice's eyes dropped, and her heart gave a great, apprehensive bound.

Nothing further was said until Alice had all her purple black hair floating around

her marble shoulders, and then she asked, with an earnestness in her voice altogether rare:

"Do you think, Mabel, John loves Mrs. Robsart?"

Mabel was surprised at the question, but she adroitly managed to conceal her surprise, and answered:

"How absurd! Has not John Nevin been engaged to you ever so many years, and is not this Laura—what did he call her?"

"Robsart."

"Yes; this Laura Robsart a widow, and twice as old as you?"

"But then, he says she is beautiful, and men sometimes have such queer tastes."

Mabel looked at the speaker, as she sat on the bedside, combing her hair with her fingers in an abstracted way, and thought to herself—"Laura Robsart must be very, very beautiful, indeed, if she wins John Nevin from you."

Meanwhile John Nevin was strolling up and down the path between the double row of red oaks in front of the house, thinking of the past, of the old world, and the golden-haired vision that never left him for a moment.

When the trio returned to the house, the lamps were lit in the grand saloon.

"Play something for us, Alice, will you?" asked John Nevin; "and you, Miss Mabel, sing. I know you can sing."

Alice played, with dashing vivaciousness of manner, a sprightly air; then the accompaniment to a song of welcome, which Mabel sang with fervor and brilliancy, and when the music ceased, John Nevin pointed out the celebrities to them. Mabel could scarce restrain herself from giving expression to her wonderment and pleasure.

"Who is that lady there, Ansens?" asked a young man addressing another who stood close to John.

"Which one?"

"That one there, standing at the opposite window, in blue silk, with the yellowish hair in such abundance."

"Oh, that's a new arrival; just got here today—a widow. Stylish, ain't she?"

"Very. What's her name?"

"I heard it, but I can't remember now. Sounds something like Roberts, but it ain't that."

John Nevin glanced carelessly in the direction pointed out by the speaker; then an exclamation of delight escaped him. "That's she!" he said, turning to his companions—"that's Laura—Mrs. Robsart, I mean."

"She is not sensitive, Miss Houston; it don't mind being stared at, and in that respect it differs from most beauties—eh?"

The two girls laughed at the odd conceit.

Mabel was beginning to admire this gay, handsome, chatty young man, and Alice thought him very nice for a new acquaintance.

Crowds of people, now, were strolling up and down the beach, or standing in knots upon the white sand.

Mr. Dalby knew a great many; he had been a regular visitor at Newport for five consecutive seasons, and, as he walked along, he entertained the girls with stories of gaiety and love-making, some of which he had only heard, but a great many of

which he had heard.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

which he knew either one or both of the parties concerned.

"Do you see that tall gentleman there, with the lightish suit, talking to the lady in mourning?" he asked.

"Yes, they saw him distinctly."

"Well, you could scarce believe it; but that man left his wife and two children in London, to follow a young widow, with whom he became infatuated while spending a season at Bath."

"Indeed!" said Mabel, shocked at the revelation. "But what brought him to America?"

"She, of course! She is an American, and he followed her."

"She must be a very wicked woman," said Alice.

"On the contrary, she has the reputation of being a very kind lady. It wasn't her fault. She did not ask his admiration of love. He simply fell; wasn't knocked down."

"What brought him to Newport?"

It was Mabel who spoke, with her eyes riveted on the strange man.

"Why, she came here, and he must needs follow her, as if she were an *ignis fatuus*."

"Is that her in black, talking to him now?" asked Alice.

"Oh, no, bless your soul! She don't speak to him at all," answered the artist. "Tis said she begged of him to return to his family, when she first met him here, and on his refusal she bid him never recognize her again."

"And does he?" asked Mabel, her eyes still fixed on the man.

"No, he never does. Whenever she appears in the drive, however, he manages to get pretty close to her, and when she walks he follows her with his eyes. It's a clear case of lunacy, I think; mild, but dangerous."

A woman's laugh—rippling, silvery, joyous, sounded close behind our friends, and then George Dalby whispered:

"That's the lady, now—the beautiful widow."

The two girls glanced to the right, from whence the peal of laughter had come, and there, in the moonlight, they saw Laura Robart leaning on the arm of John Nevin!

She was looking up into his face, and the moonbeams fell full upon hers, making it look white as marble, and rarely beautiful indeed. Her golden hair fell in waves upon her shoulders, screened now from the falling dew by a heavy shawl of genuine thread lace, and at her white rounded throat a great diamond burned like a coal of fire.

John Nevin was talking to her in a low, subdued voice—so low that none heard him, save herself, and she answered "with occasional merry bursts of laughter."

They pressed close to Elton and his companions, but so rapt up were they in each other, that, although Alice could have laid her hand on John Nevin's arm, he did not recognize her.

They walked on and on, until the amber rain, which was beginning to curtain in the scene, hid them from view, and close behind them, like a gray shadow of despair, walked the man whose wife and children waited for him beyond the ocean.

When Mabel saw John Nevin with Laura Robart, whom she now regarded as a dangerous woman, she felt her indignation rising against him.

Why should he have come back to awaken a love in Alice Houston's simple, girlish heart, when he was so completely in the meshes of this woman; and why had he not the courage to ask a release from an engagement made so many years ago, that it could not be considered binding on either? "He must be either a weak or a wicked man," she muttered to herself.

These thoughts flashed through her brain in an instant, and then, noticing how very white and ghostly Alice was, she said: "Let's go back to the hotel. It's getting chilly."

"The dew is very heavy," remarked Dalby. "Are you cold, Miss Alice?"

She was all of a shiver now, and she shut her teeth firmly together to prevent them from chattering.

"Yes, very cold. Let's go back."

She thanked George Dalby when he folded her wrap close about her, and then, casting a lingering, yearning look in the direction John Nevin had disappeared, she took the young artist's arm, and they began to retrace their steps.

CHAPTER VII. ROCKLEDGE.

ELTON ROBART occupied the handsomest cottage at Newport. It stood on a ledge of rocks about a mile from the Ocean House, and overlooked the sea. It was called Rockledge, and was splendidly furnished throughout; the floors covered with velvet and rich Brussels, and the windows draped in finest tapestry, even to the floors. There was a wide colonnade in front, up the snowy columns of which dark vines clambered, and hung in festoons from the eaves, dotted here and there with red berries, which looked very much, when ripe, like drops of blood. In the large airy drawing-room sat Elton Robart reading Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." He was apparently sixty years old, although he might have been younger by half a decade. Starting out in life with a handsome face, form and fortune, he had led a wild, reckless, voluptuous life, until at forty he found himself a mere wreck, both morally and physically. His wife, whom he married shortly after reaching his majority, bore him, but one child, and then being a weak woman, folded her hands meekly over her breast, and drifted into eternity. Her memory, and his son Cleve, were all he had to live for, and these he either thought too insignificant to influence him, or else—and this is altogether the most likely—he never thought of them at all, until he returned, from a ten years' jaunt through Europe, to find Cleve a young man of twenty, and himself a decrepit, worn-out *roué*, not far from forty.

This awakened him to a sense of his situation, and he set about educating his boy after his own peculiar ideas, and to building up his shattered constitution by a free use of drugs and exercise. He took too much of both, and became an invalid, and Cleve, whose moral training amounted to nothing, grew tired of the old gentleman's exertions and ran off to the west.

This affected old Elton seriously; he believed his son was ungrateful, and, hard-hearted, and in his fury he burned the three letters Cleve sent him. He knew from the postmarks they were from the west, but that was all. A few years of silence between him and his wayward child caused him to relent, and when he was thinking about advertising for the absentee, in the western papers, a young woman wrote to

him from Baltimore, saying that she was the widow of Cleve Robart, and that the latter had died in the mines of California.

He telegraphed for her to come to him at once, and the next day the steamer bound for Norfolk landed her within a hundred yards of Rockart Place.

The old man questioned her about his son closely, but she answered him frankly, and with a candor that disarmed suspicion. She described Cleve minutely, and bore on her index finger a large gold band which she said was her wedding ring.

"No; it may be partly that, but it is not wholly so; from the first moment I set eyes upon him at Bath, I felt as if he was to be my evil genius, and, hard as I have tried to get rid of the notion, it clings to me yet."

She shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled.

"I wouldn't mind," said John, after a moment of silence. "The fellow was, possibly, crazy before you met him, and, but for his admiration of you, his malady would doubtless have assumed a more violent form."

She sighed, and gave John Nevin her hand. He pressed it warmly, and they turned away from the sobbing sea, walking silently toward Rockledge, while the sad song of Gilbert Rook rung in their ears:

"Many dangers I have known to be
That a reckless life can fill.
But her presence has not flown—
Her bright smile haunts me still."

He parted with her at the colonnade, and she watched him out of sight.

"When is all this misery to end?" she muttered, aloud.

"When women are not false as fair."

The answer came in a deep, solemn voice, and Laura only lifted her eyes, to let them fall on a weird, haggard woman, who stood like a picture of despair almost within arm's length of her.

Laura Robart was chilled through and through with a nameless dread.

"Who are you?" she managed to say.

"Don't you know me?"

The strange woman's voice was hard and cold.

"You are devoid of memory, I see, as well as conscience."

There was something familiar, even in that chilling tone, and Laura now, determined to solve the mystery at once, said:

"Why have you come here—what do you want of me?"

"I am playing the role of Nemesis," he said. "I want vengeance, or my own!"

"What have I of yours. Are you crazy, woman?"

"No, only desperate."

"What do you mean by asking me for your own, then, in this threatening way. I have nothing belonging to you, or yours."

"Yes, you have?" The woman's breath was coming quick and hard now.

"What is it?" and as Laura put the question, she shrunk away in terror.

"My husband's heart."

"His name?" gasped Laura.

"Gilbert Rook!"

Laura shrieked as if a knife had penetrated her heart, and fell in a heap at the woman's feet.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 95.)

"I wish I never had," she said, rising. "I can not tell the reason why, but I have a gloomy, undefined dread of *that* man."

"His persistent attentions to you have caused this," said John, endeavoring to free her from apprehension, "and the knowledge that he has a wife and family in England doubtless gives a deeper tinge to this vague fear."

"No; it may be partly that, but it is not wholly so; from the first moment I set eyes upon him at Bath, I felt as if he was to be my evil genius, and, hard as I have tried to get rid of the notion, it clings to me yet."

She shrugged her pretty shoulders and smiled.

"I wouldn't mind," said John, after a moment of silence. "The fellow was, possibly, crazy before you met him, and, but for his admiration of you, his malady would doubtless have assumed a more violent form."

She sighed, and gave John Nevin her hand.

He pressed it warmly, and they turned away from the sobbing sea, walking silently toward Rockledge, while the sad song of Gilbert Rook rung in their ears:

"Many dangers I have known to be
That a reckless life can fill.
But her presence has not flown—
Her bright smile haunts me still."

He parted with her at the colonnade, and she watched him out of sight.

"When is all this misery to end?" she muttered, aloud.

"When women are not false as fair."

The answer came in a deep, solemn voice, and Laura only lifted her eyes, to let them fall on a weird, haggard woman, who stood like a picture of despair almost within arm's length of her.

Laura Robart was chilled through and through with a nameless dread.

"Who are you?" she managed to say.

"Don't you know me?"

The strange woman's voice was hard and cold.

"You are devoid of memory, I see, as well as conscience."

There was something familiar, even in that chilling tone, and Laura now, determined to solve the mystery at once, said:

"Why have you come here—what do you want of me?"

"I am playing the role of Nemesis," he said. "I want vengeance, or my own!"

"What have I of yours. Are you crazy, woman?"

"No, only desperate."

"What do you mean by asking me for your own, then, in this threatening way. I have nothing belonging to you, or yours."

"Yes, you have?" The woman's breath was coming quick and hard now.

"What is it?" and as Laura put the question, she shrunk away in terror.

"My husband's heart."

"His name?" gasped Laura.

"Gilbert Rook!"

Laura shrieked as if a knife had penetrated her heart, and fell in a heap at the woman's feet.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 95.)

The Dark Secret: OR, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

"How now, you secret, black and midnight hag, What is it?" MACBETH.

THAT same night, three hours earlier, there "might have been seen," if there had been anybody out to see, which there wasn't, an ancient mariner plodding his way along the lonesome road between the Mermaid Tavern and the lone inn. The night was dark, and the road was bad, but Captain Nick Tempest had a supreme contempt for muddy roads, and the clerk of the weather; so, with his hands in his pockets, and a plug of tobacco in his mouth, his tarpanjin cocked on one side of his head, he plunged manfully along, whistling "Barbara Allen" as he went, by jerks, with long pauses between the bars.

Captain Tempest was thinking—which was something he was not in the habit of doing as a general thing, being more given to acting. Old Grizzle's manner the night before had implied something serious; and he felt intensely curious to know what revelations she had to make to-night. That it was something important, he felt convinced—for Grizzle was not a lady to make a mystery of trifles; and, moreover, she had contrived to have her two hopeful sons, Kit and Blaise, and her equally-hopeful brother, old Till, sent out of the way, so that she and the commander of the "Fly-by-Night" might hold their nocturnal *tête-à-tête* undisturbed.

Not being blessed with a very vivid imagination, however, old Nick found the nut too hard to crack; and, so wisely resolved not to strain his teeth trying it, but to wait until time and his fair friend should fit to extract the kernel.

Having, with much pain and labor, come to this philosophical conclusion at last, Captain Nick steeled contentedly along, with that rolling motion peculiar to marine gentlemen, like a ship on an uneasy swell. Plunging resolutely through the wet level where the old house stood, he reached it at last; and, giving a tremendous knock, began yelping like a whipped cur. Evidently this was a sort of signal, for the sound of bolts withdrawing followed instantly. The door swung open, and the pleasant face of old Grizzle Howlett beamed on him by the light of the lantern.

"Good-night, my chick-a-learny! Punctuality is the soul of time," said the captain, in a hazy recollection of some proverb.

"How do you find yourself this morning, sweet pet?" Blooming and beautiful as the Goddess of Morning, as usual, I see."

"There was a time when you thought me blooming enough," said the woman, in a harsh voice, as she secured the door; "when you would have shot any other man for even looking at me!"

"Ah! every one is a fool some time in their life," said the captain, flinging himself into a chair before the kitchen fire, and stretching out his legs to the genial heat.

"Not that I would insinuate I made a fool of myself in that blessed and verdant time of youth: for you are a second Helen, for whom another Troy might be lost."

"Great Diana of the Ephesians!" but greater still is Grizzle of New Jersey! Got any beer?"

"Yes; take it," said the woman, ungainly, pointing to a jug and a pewter pint.

"So had he," said the captain, with a smile.

"Will you mind me, making a jump, and skipping over six years?"

"Our new-born sailor still continued cruising about, and, when he came home, still continued as absurdly fond of his pretty wife as ever, and quite doted on his bright little five-year-old daughter."

"Ah! you finch! Do you begin to feel the screws tightening?"

"Go on," he said defiantly.

laugh; "and there is an old-country saying, that 'butter to butter is no kinchen.'"

"He was proud of it—he might well be; for it elevated him from the nobody he was before, into an object almost of equal interest with herself. She was rich, and she shared her wealth with him; and he took her money and led a life of riot and wildest debauchery, spending it like water from the clouds."

Captain Nick perceptibly winced.

"He said he loved her, and she believed him—poor fool! Perhaps he thought he did; but at all events he loved her money and the reputation he had gained by having his name linked with hers. And it was all arranged that they were to be married as soon as her engagement was ended, and travel in the Continent. She did not entirely disapprove of his wild courses: women rather like men who have the reputation of being harum-scarum dare-devils; but she thought he carried things to excess—more especially as he sometimes stooped to robbery—even to robbing the dead. Once her husband, she thought she could have reformed him a little; and that, having sown his wild oats, he would settle down and leave the crop to the birds of the air."

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

3

"Well, one day he went to sea, and was wrecked somewhere on the coast of Cuba, and all hands were lost but himself. You know the adage: 'Born to be hanged will never be drowned.' So you will not wonder at that. He was picked up by a private vessel, and would you believe it?—eleven years passed before he came back."

Something like a groan came from the lips of the captain.

"But come he did at last—a weather-beaten, scarred, prematurely-old man. And where do you think he found his wife and child?"

"You hog of Hades! I may thank you perhaps, for it all."

"You may. But for me she would never have run away."

"You she-fiend! Are you not afraid I will brain you?"

"No!"

"By the heavens above us! if you had made that confession six years ago, you would not have lived an instant after!"

"But I did not make it. I was not quite a fool! Be calm, and let me go on with my story. One year after her husband went away—when her daughter was six years old (and she was still a pretty, dark-eyed, bright-haired, merry French girl)—young foreigner—a wild, rich, young Scotchman, stopped at my house. He was a handsome fellow, dark-eyed, merry, bold and gallant—just the one to take a lady's eye—more especially such a lady as our pretty, young grass-widow."

Captain Nick Tempest ground his teeth with impotent rage.

"His name was Randall Macdonald—how do you like it?—and he came from the old Macdonald who lived and fought in the days of Robert the Bruce. I introduced him to the handsome French girl, and what—Captain Tempest, my good friend—my dear friend—what was the result?"

"You cursed bag!" he groaned, through his clenched teeth.

Such a bitter sneer as was on her dark face—such a bitter, mocking, deriding sneer! Yet she looked up, and smiled in his face.

"Voyages across the ocean were slower even in those days than they are now; and our handsome Scotchman was lonesome, and wanted a companion. A pretty French woman, gay and piquant, was just the thing; and the young gentleman was not one to be backward in offering her an invitation. I urged her to accept it. I promised to be a mother to little Lelia, and the result of our combined entreaties was, that Captain Tempest came from sea one morning, and found himself minus a wife."

She broke into a laugh—a low, sneering laugh, unspeakably insulting.

"I changed little Lelia's name, and gave her my second one; and, under my motherly care, she reached the age of thirteen. Then—but never mind that Lelia; we must follow the fortunes of the other. Randall Macdonald was fond of a roving life, and he and madame had rather a pleasant time of it, cruising round the world. Six years after his American escapade, his eldest brother died, and the family estate fell to him. The day that brought him the news saw Lelia cold and dead—of disease of the heart. She had died caressing her little daughter—his child—without a moment's warning. No wonder you never could find her when you went to search for her. You would have to dive a long way down under the waves of the lonesome sea to find the pretty form of Lelia Tempest."

He made a fierce gesture, as if casting something from him, and drew a long, hard breath.

"Let her go! That is the last of her! But my child—woman—my daughter—my little Lelia! what of her?"

The woman laughed scornfully, and stirred the fire.

"Speak! I tell you! Speak! I command you!" he cried, fiercely. "You have not dared to kill her, no."

"Kill her? Oh, no. That would be poor revenge!"

"You Satan! where is my child?"

"Don't fear; she is alive, and well."

"He got up, white with eagerness.

"Woman, tell me where she is!"

"It is easily told—if I choose."

"Grizzle, for the sake of old times—for the sake of all that is past and gone, let me see her—my little Lelia!"

She looked at him in scornful surprise, and broke into a deriding laugh.

"You to speak of what is past and gone!—you to exhort me by that! The man has gone mad!"

"You she-devil! speak! or I will tear it out of your foul throat!"

"Try it!"

"Can nothing move you? My little Lelia! Oh, Grizzle! can nothing move you?"

"Nothing you can say! Sit down; calm yourself, and you will hear all in due time. Perhaps you will not think 'my little Lelia' such a priceless jewel when you do find her!"

"What do you mean? Grizzle Howlet, what have you done with that child?"

There was something so terrific in his look and tone at that moment, that she almost shrank before it.

"Nothing very dreadful," she said, angrily.

"Sit down, tell you, or I won't speak another word to-night. What if you were to hate your daughter when I name her?"

"There is some dark meaning hid under this. Grizzle Howlet, has her mother's fate been hers?"

She laughed.

"Oh, no! Can you conceive nothing worse than that? Her mother loved and was beloved—in a sort of a way. I dare say she was happy."

His face worked, and his hands clenched.

One fair spot remained still in that black heart—love for his child. But for how long?

"Will you tell me?" he said, in a strained voice.

"To be sure. That is what I have been coming to, all along. She is a fine lady."

"Well?"

"You have seen her—spoken with her!"

"Did she know me?"

"No."

"Where does she live?"

"Herc—In New Jersey."

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Yes; curse her! I will be avenged for that!"

"Softly, softly, captain," said Grizzle, with her dark smile. "Wait until you hear who she is, first."

"Who she?"

"Do you know that my name is Jacquette?"

"Well?"

"Well, I changed Lelia into Jacquette, one day. It was easily done, and without troubling the Legislature."

He leaped to his feet with a cry. She arose, too, and confronted him.

"Grizzle Howlet, is she?"

"She was Lelia Tempest once; she is Jacquette De Vere, now, and your daughter!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE END OF THE STORY.

—TAMING OF THE SIREN.

THERE is but one step—a very short one, between love and hatred. In all these years of crime, and daring, and darkest guilt, the memory of his lost child—his little bright-eyed, sunny-faced Lelia—had ever lain warm and fair near his heart; the only fair spot, perhaps, in all that dark nature. He had thought, all along, that her mother had taken her with her in her guilty flight; but he knew little of the revenge Grizzle Howlet was capable of. He never dreamed of doubting her story for a moment—he felt it to be true, every word, and in that instant all his love for the little bright-faced child was swept away, like a whiff of down in the blast; and hatred of the daring, impudent young girl, who had conquered him, took its place. He felt that she despised and looked down upon him, her father, although she knew it not; and a savage, demoniacal longing to drag her down to his own level, filled all his thoughts. She was his daughter; no one had such a right to her as he had. He hated the De Veres, and this dashing adopted daughter of theirs. What a glorious thing it would be now to tear her from them—to pull her from her pedestal—to show her to the world as Captain Nick Tempest's daughter! He felt a little proud of her, too; he exulted in the thought that she had her father's heart, and all his dauntless courage; and he felt he could freely forgive Grizzle Howlet all she had done for the revenge she had placed within his grasp now.

A fierce, grim smile—the smile of a demon bearing away a lost soul—broke over his dark face. He looked up, and met Grizzle Howlet's piercing eyes fixed full upon him.

"Well?" she said, curiously.

He stretched out his hand, still smiling:

"I forgive you, Grizzle! There is my hand on it! This repays me for all."

"You believe me?" she said.

"Yes; I think you are telling me the truth. I feel that that girl is my daughter!"

"She is. Word for word what I have said is true—true as Gospel. Jacquette De Vere is your child!"

The gods were praised for that! The day of retribution is at hand!"

"What are you going to do?" said Grizzle.

He sat down, resumed his former attitude before the fire, with that evil smile still on his face.

"You will see! But, first, have you accomplished your revenge?"

"No!" cried Grizzle, fiercely dashing her hand on the mantel—"no; that I have not! Until Jack De Vere lies despised and trodden on in the dust under my feet, my revenge will never be satisfied!"

The woman laughed scornfully, and stirred the fire.

"Speak! I tell you! Speak! I command you!" he cried, fiercely. "You have not dared to kill her, no."

"Kill her? Oh, no. That would be poor revenge!"

"You Satan! where is my child?"

"Don't fear; she is alive, and well."

"He got up, white with eagerness.

"Woman, tell me where she is!"

"It is easily told—if I choose."

"Grizzle, for the sake of old times—for the sake of all that is past and gone, let me see her—my little Lelia!"

She looked at him in scornful surprise, and broke into a deriding laugh.

"You to speak of what is past and gone!—you to exhort me by that! The man has gone mad!"

"You she-devil! speak! or I will tear it out of your foul throat!"

"Try it!"

"Can nothing move you? My little Lelia! Oh, Grizzle! can nothing move you?"

"Nothing you can say! Sit down; calm yourself, and you will hear all in due time. Perhaps you will not think 'my little Lelia' such a priceless jewel when you do find her!"

"What do you mean? Grizzle Howlet, what have you done with that child?"

There was something so terrific in his look and tone at that moment, that she almost shrank before it.

"Nothing very dreadful," she said, angrily.

"Sit down, tell you, or I won't speak another word to-night. What if you were to hate your daughter when I name her?"

"There is some dark meaning hid under this. Grizzle Howlet, has her mother's fate been hers?"

She laughed.

"Oh, no! Can you conceive nothing worse than that? Her mother loved and was beloved—in a sort of a way. I dare say she was happy."

His face worked, and his hands clenched.

One fair spot remained still in that black heart—love for his child. But for how long?

"Will you tell me?" he said, in a strained voice.

"To be sure. That is what I have been coming to, all along. She is a fine lady."

"Well?"

"You have seen her—spoken with her!"

"Did she know me?"

"No."

"Where does she live?"

"Herc—In New Jersey."

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"A young girl—a bold, pretty little thing—red-haired and gray-eyed, like somebody else we know of—interposed—saved him, disarmed you, and sent you off, with a lecture?"

"Well, go on. I can not bear this; you are torturing me."

"I will be merciful then. You were to me, you know! Do you remember a scene that occurred some thirty miles from here, one evening, among the mountains, when you tried to send a certain handsome young Englishman to his long account?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you're awake—are you?" said Captain Nick. "Why, Orrie, don't you know me—Uncle Nick?"

"Uncle Nick!" said the child, contemptuously. "You ain't! I wouldn't have you for an uncle! Will you go away?"

"She's her mother's daughter!" said Grizelle, with a grim smile.

"Clear out," repeated Orrie, clutching the pillow. "I'll leave this at you!"

"You little angel," said the captain, apostrophizing her in a low tone. "What a blessed little seraph she is, Grizelle!"

"Come away," said Grizelle. "I hope you are satisfied with your reception."

"Perfectly! Good-night, Orrie."

Orrie's reply to this piece of politeness was an angry scowl, as she still sat threateningly holding the pillow, until the door closed after them.

"She does look like the De Veres," said the captain.

"And is blessed with her mother's dove-like temper, and her maternal grandparent's gentleness. Come back early to-morrow morning. Are you ready to go?"

"Yes; if I must go. But as I have to return here to-morrow, could you not accommodate me with a shake-down before the fire for this night?"

"No. I can do no such thing. I don't want you. There, be off!"

"You hospitable old soul! Well, good-night!"

"Good-night," said the woman, in pretty much the same tone as if it were a curse she sent after him; and then the door was bolted, and Grizelle Howlet was in and Nick Tempest was out, tramping back to the Mermaid, and musing intently on all he had heard that night.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 87.)

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the rate of

One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, one year \$3.00

In addition to the cost of carriage, a gratuity of one dollar per month will be added to each copy sent direct to the United States, County and Town.

Subscribers are requested to enclose with their remittance, their name and address, and may require back numbers. This paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

Explanatory.—Some of our authors are surprised to find their MSS. largely underpaid by them, in the postage. We have, this week, refused to take from the post several packages on which were inscribed by the N. Y. post-office, "1ec. due;" "8lc. due;" "24c. due," etc., etc. The error lies with the postmaster at the starting point, who, according to the New York post-office view of the postal law, had no authority to accept book rates (viz.: 2 cents for each four ounces) on "author's manuscript." That is, by a most remarkable construction of the wording of the law, our city officials decide that "author's manuscript" is not a "book manuscript," and therefore must pay letter-postage!

Of course, this is in total violation of the spirit and intent of the Postal Act, which, to expedite the commerce between publishers and authors, adopted the "book rates"; but, because the law does not expressly say that "author's manuscript" shall be construed to be "book manuscript," the post-office officials in this city can see a difference, and therefore exact full letter-rates on all manuscript not formally marked "book manuscript." Authors must, therefore, be sure to so subscribe to their packages, and, also, must be careful to have nothing but press manuscript in the package—a note to the editor subjecting the whole to full letter-postage; and the package must not be in a sealed envelop, but in a paper wrap, open at one or both ends.

By obeying these injunctions, contributions will reach us safely, prepaid at book rates, but not otherwise.

A Real Hero.—A little newsboy attempting to jump from a street car the other day, fell under the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him. On her arrival she hung over the dying boy in agony of grief.

"Mother," he whispered, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the—the-money is in my pocket!"

It is so common to call these little newsboys "Street Angels," and to regard them as unmitigated vagabonds, that people are surprised at this betrayal of interest in his mother by one of the little ragamuffins. But, those who know most of the newsboys say that large numbers of them are aiding in the support of mothers, and brothers, and sisters; and we ought to bear this in mind when we talk of the little fellows, who deserve far more consideration than they receive.

The above incident is true. With the hand of death upon him, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten. Such is true heroism, worthy of applause and remembrance.

A Candid Talk.—A lady correspondent, from Chicago, writes:

"Are editors not rather too severe, sometimes, in their strictures? A kind word frequently is very encouraging. I have seen so discouraged by editors' rebuffs that I am afraid to send a manuscript to the press. I know you are courteous, but courtesy is the exception, not the rule, as I have learned, in a six years' experience as a writer for the magazines and weekly papers."

Doubtless there are boors connected with the press, as there are uncivil persons in all professions. We think one of the most gentlemanly persons we ever met was a clergyman of some note as a preacher. We know of excellent doctors and lawyers who are model boors. But, all this does not affect the fraternity to which they belong—that is, they are not representatives of the good-breeding of their guild.

An editor usually has not the slightest feeling for or against an author, and looks at a manuscript just as a merchant looks at goods, or a lawyer at evidence, or a physician at a ease—to see what is to be done with it, and, nine cases out of ten, he never gives the man-

ter a second thought—not because he is hard-hearted or unimpassable or inattentive, but because it is the only way to dispatch business.

If authors who feel aggrieved at what they term a "cruel refusal" or a "rude rejection," would understand that not an atom of feeling against them was entertained by the editor, it would take off the sharp edge of their chagrin, and they would, on common-sense business principles, try again elsewhere.

Of Course.—We were in a fashionable photographic gallery, a day or two since, and witnessed this episode:

Enter young lady. Have you photographs of the Grand Duke (pronounced *Juke*)?

Photographer. Yes, some very fine ones. Here is one. Only fifty cents.

Young Lady. The dear fellow! Only fifty cents? Oh, Mr. S.—how can you sell him so cheap? Just as if he was no better than a Congressman, or one of our own people! I'll take two—the dear fellow! Do put up the price to five dollars each; that would be aristocratic, you know, and therefore proper, for he is a Duke, you see, and ought not to be hawked around like a common person—the dear fellow!

"Yes; if I must go. But as I have to return here to-morrow, could you not accomodate me with a shake-down before the fire for this night?"

"No. I can do no such thing. I don't want you. There, be off!"

"You hospitable old soul! Well, good-night!"

"Good-night," said the woman, in pretty much the same tone as if it were a curse she sent after him; and then the door was bolted, and Grizelle Howlet was in and Nick Tempest was out, tramping back to the Mermaid, and musing intently on all he had heard that night.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 87.)

The Model Novels.—Speaking of Beadle's Dime Novels, and the class of writers who cater for that almost unlimitedly popular series, the *Nokomis*, *Ill.*, *Gazette* says:

"That's what's the matter," we reflected. Ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred of those whose snobbery and funkeyism lead them to run after a foreigner, with a title, are those whose family history smells.

SCOLDING.

I HAVE thought over it, time and again, why it is that we are so fond of finding fault and scolding about things going wrong. It is an impracticality for children to keep still any length of time, and if they are a little restless, why should we fume and fret about it? God made them with joyous spirits and good lungs; then why should we mortals complain of the use the youngsters put them to? How many poor children put them to? How many poor children from morning until night! They mustn't slam a door, or hammer a nail; they mustn't speak above a whisper, and if their feet are cold, it is not right for them to stamp the same on the kitchen hearth; and so it goes until the poor young ones almost dread even to breathe, lest a scolding should be particular in what they read of popular romance.

SCOLDING.

I HAVE thought over it, time and again, why it is that we are so fond of finding fault and scolding about things going wrong. It is an impracticality for children to keep still any length of time, and if they are a little restless, why should we fume and fret about it? God made them with joyous spirits and good lungs; then why should we mortals complain of the use the youngsters put them to? How many poor children put them to? How many poor children from morning until night! They mustn't slam a door, or hammer a nail; they mustn't speak above a whisper, and if their feet are cold, it is not right for them to stamp the same on the kitchen hearth; and so it goes until the poor young ones almost dread even to breathe, lest a scolding should be particular in what they read of popular romance.

Those watches were just what the natives wanted for many years, for they have suffered for them a great deal. The insides they remove, and use the cases to carry their tobacco in, for which purpose they are excellently suited. The crystals they use for glass eyes, when a warrior accidentally gets one punched out.

Those portable steam engines are highly prized, and the good king desires you to send him another lot soon. He says they are the nicest things in the world to roll down the mountain upon a tribe of invaders.

They feel ever grateful for those large looking-glasses, which they have put all the sides of their houses for windows, having scratched the quicksilver off the backs.

The long fish-scenes you kindly provided, are in extensive use—the "society" belles speak above a whisper, and if their feet are cold, it is not right for them to stamp the same on the kitchen hearth; and so it goes until the poor young ones almost dread even to breathe, lest a scolding should be particular in what they read of popular romance.

Those slates are perfect Godsend to the natives, and are doing them good service as pavements in front of each cabin.

When they got tired of the music of those hand-organs, which you were kind enough to send them, they turned them into peanuthoppers.

They have the civilized idea of the divine use of brooms and mops, for they knock their wives down with them just like other enlightened people.

Those tubs and wash-boards make an excellent fire in a few minutes, and are highly appreciated.

Who will deny that this people is not destined to become great in a few years? There is no machine of modern times, however complicated, which they can not immediately turn to some use. Verily they are a wise race!

Margaret tried to thank her kind friend, but the little queen only nodded and smiled again, saying gayly:

"No, you need not thank me, I know all about it. And, now, good-by, Margaret, and a pleasant day to you to-morrow."

Foolscap Papers.

Reform in the "Society" Islands.

To the New England Society for the Reformation of the South Sea Islanders:

GENTLEMEN:

It affords me great pleasure to report to your honorable body, of the advance of the natives of these islands toward civilization, through the efforts you have put forth.

The change here is indeed cheering. No longer do they persist in their old savage customs. The hundreds of thousands of dollars you have spent in the advancement of this people, have been crowned with remarkable success. The dawn of these islands is at hand; yea, shines already upon them.

It gratifies me to say that they no longer eat missionaries as they used to; but they have them done up in a variety of new-fashioned ways—fried, stewed, etc., with pepper and sauce worthy of the notice of a Prof. Blot. They have a bountiful board—the Board of Foreign Missions.

The invoice of plug hats you sent were highly appreciated by the natives, but they remark that just as soon as they filled them up with water and set them on the coals to boil, the bottoms of them gave out. I would suggest that the hats you hereafter send be made of copper or brass.

These people no longer tie their prisoners to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

Those grindstones you sent are of great service to them, for they have taken four of them to a tree, and torture them to death, thanks to your noble society. They now put all their prisoners into the threshing machines you sent them, and they come out threshed to death.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

There's a cosy little cottage on the hillside
With green trees growing all around,
And a sunny little stream in the meadow,
Where the clover-blossoms brighten all the ground.
There I turn my willing footsteps in the twilight,
When the night draws her curtains calm and still,
For I know a little girl who loves me dearly,
And her home is the cottage on the hill;
She's a sweet little girl and loves me dearly,
And she lives in the cottage on the hill.
I have looked into many a smiling face,
I have heard many voices breath my name,
I have seen many rose lips smile with pleasure,
And bright eyes grow brighter when I came,
But my heart would not waken to their woofing,
For its deepest chord will only thrill
'Neath the fingers of the little girl who loves me,
Who's home is the cottage on the hill;
She's a sweet little girl and loves me dearly,
And she lives in the cottage on the hill.

The Red Rajah: or, THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
(LAUNCE POYNTZ.)

AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY HUN-
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE HAPPY ISLAND.

A young girl of extraordinary beauty was reclined upon a gorgeous couch made of ebony and mother-of-pearl, and covered with China brocade. The couch was set in the midst of a large Persian carpet, as soft as velvet, and three inches thick. It lay in the center of a sort of pavilion or summer-house, framed of bamboo, covered with gilding, and hung with silk curtains.

Outside the pavilion, nature and art had vied to make the surroundings beautiful. Such luxuriance of trees, fruit, flowers, and brightly-feathered birds, was never seen outside of the tropics. We are in an island where winter comes not; where the sun of the equator makes summer all the year round. The cocoa blooms perpetually there, and the king paradise-bird flits among the branches of the spice-trees.

But the eye of the observer would soon leave the surroundings, beautiful as they were, to rest upon the perfect beauty of the girl in the pavilion.

Slight in figure was the girl, and graceful as an antelope. The great dark eyes, that looked at you so innocently, were as beautiful as any gazelle's. Her hair, which was plaited in two long braids, was of such extraordinary length as to touch the ground when she walked. Her face was pale, but perfect in every feature as that of the Venus of Canova, with a heavenly purity of expression such as statue never knew.

Such a girl might have been suddenly dropped by the fairies to gladden the earth. She seemed too beautiful and innocent for the world.

She was magnificently dressed, in a gorgeous Oriental fashion; in cloth of gold sown with seed pearls; and the marvelous cambrie of India, which the natives style "woven air" from its transparency and fineness, half-veiled the snowy bosom.

A dark slave girl, richly dressed, was fanning her with a large screen of paradise-bird's feathers, and her mistress was gazing through the parted curtains of the pavilion upon the moonlit sea, lost in reverie.

Her eyes were fixed upon the long, tapering yards, and low dark hulls of a little fleet of prahus, that lay at anchor in a small bay surrounded by white beach.

Several islands, their shores clothed with palm and banana, down to the water's edge, were to be seen, dotting the sea outside. The island appeared to be in the center of a tropical archipelago.

Presently the lovely girl spoke. Her voice was very low and soft, like the cooing of a ring-dove. She spoke in the Malay tongue, a marvelously melodious language from her rose-lips.

"Tell me, Sandala, what are they doing in the fleet? Does the Rajah put forth today?"

The Rajah had some news this morning, lady. Kakoo came in under all sail; and ever since there has been a bustle of getting ready. May it please your resplendency, I see the great Rajah himself coming toward the pavilion, and it seems that he is coming to speak to you."

The young lady half raised herself on her arm to look round. The curtains of the pavilion were looped up all round so as to admit the air, and the lower part of a man could be seen, approaching slowly.

"It is he," murmured the girl, and a pleased smile lighted up her features. She sat up on the couch and dropped her little feet over the side on the soft carpet. They were very little feet, no longer than a child's, and quite bare. The elegance and refinement around had failed to accomplish shoes and stockings. But no one who saw those little white, blue-veined feet resting there could have carpéd at the absence of either. Rather would they have gone down on their knees to those perfect feet, so slender and high-arched.

The girl stood up and tripped forward, just as the curtains at the entrance were parted. The lofty plumes of a warrior's bright helmet were stooped under the hanging silk, and the next moment the tall, graceful form of the Red Rajah stood beside Marguerite de Favannes.

Yes. It was our little Marguerite, shot up into maidenhood in those two short years under the equator. A white lily grown up among pools of blood; an angel from heaven among wild, human devils she seemed.

Pure and holy she was still, among those pirates. Those innocent dark eyes could never have looked out with such a guileless freedom, had any stain been on their owner's soul. There she stood beside the pirate chief, her little head just reaching as high as his heart, and he looking down upon her, with a sort of protecting and yearning fondness, inexpressibly loving.

The Red Rajah was handsome over all. He was clad in a species of chain armor, with undergarments of scarlet and gold, and glittered all over with costly jewels. His personal adornments were worth millions of dollars, so large and splendid were the jewels they bore.

Marguerite greeted him with all the freedom of a child with a favorite uncle or cousin, and in French.

"And where have you been all the morning, monsieur? I have not seen you since you bid me good-night last night, and I am

bored to death with the tiresome time I have all alone."

"I fear you will have to stay alone for a little while yet, Marguerite," replied the Rajah, with a grave smile; "I have to leave you this afternoon and depart, to be gone for some days, perhaps weeks."

"Oh! what shall I do, all alone?" exclaimed Marguerite, with a pretty little pout; "must I stay in all the time?"

"Not now," he answered; "I shall have ample force to guard all the islands around here, and you can go out whenever you wish."

"But what can I do when you are away?" she asked, with the charming mien of a bewilderingly pretty, spoilt child; "I want you to stay to keep me company. I don't want you to go away and leave me. You must stay. There."

"I wish I could, little humming-bird," said the stately warrior, looking down tenderly; "I wish I could stay here forever with you. But I have enemies, Marguerite—enemies as many as powerful, and I must be off to chastise them before they become too dangerous."

"But why can not you make peace with them?" asked Marguerite, innocently. Child-woman as she was, she had no idea that the Rajah was a pirate. To her he was only a sort of sea Bedouin, a warlike sea-king who had many quarrels with his neighbors. She saw herself surrounded with luxuries which were delightful. She did not know of the ruthless plunder and bloodshed by which they were obtained. The Red Rajah took care not to let her know him as anything but a prince.

"Why can not you make peace with them?" she asked.

The Rajah smiled. "They will have no peace," he answered, "unless they can gain leave to burn down all our village here, and to shoot me and all my people. They have sent out fleets of junks and prahus, and several men-of-war of the English and Dutch, but they have never yet found me. Nor shall they yet. As soon as I hear that they propose to attack me, I attack them. And now I hear from Singapore, through one of my agents there, that certain of the merchants have resolved to sweep the Red Rajah from the seas. I go to show them their mistake."

"But why should they wish to harm you?" persisted Marguerite. "Did you ever harm them?"

The Rajah blushed for a moment—actually blushed at the home-thrust of the innocent child.

"Perhaps they think so," he answered, at last. "My fathers, before me, were rajahs of the sea, and claimed toll and tribute from all who sailed therein. If these Europeans would pay their toll cheerfully, I would not harm them; but they must needs fight; and if they get the worst of it, it is no fault of mine. But come, Marguerite. It is time I was going now. When I am away, remember that every thing on this island is yours. Your favorite horse, Mahlam, is ready for you use, with your dogs and falcons, if you wish to hunt. I leave behind me a swift prahu, under Keakoo, which will take you where you please among the islands. Keep up a good heart till I return, when I will tell you all about the brave fellows who came out to sweep the Red Rajah from the seas, and how they did it."

As he spoke he bent his lofty head to brush the pure-white forehead with his long moustache.

Marguerite put her white arms around his neck, as frankly as a child, but without exhibiting very much sorrow.

"Good-by," she said, brightly. "Be back soon. It will be very triste here when you are away."

"Good-by, Marguerite," he returned, holding her off for a few moments to look at her with great tenderness.

The girl returned the look with a smile. Then the Rajah drew her to him once more, kissed her forehead twice, and so left the tent abruptly. As he went he heaved a deep sigh, and as he walked down to the boat, his head, usually so erect and proud, was sunk upon his breast in meditation.

Arrived at the little port, however, he flung off his reverie at once, and entered into the business before him with his whole heart.

The pirate fleet was full of men, and bustle and hurry was the order of the day. Water bamboo were being hoisted aboard, provisions being packed, guns burned, muskets, rifles and pistols polished bright. Half-naked Dyaks were sharpening lance-heads and war-axes; stately Malays poisoning their deadly krisses. When the Rajah appeared, a very few minutes sufficed to complete all the preparations for sea. Malay prahus, and especially those of the pirates, are got ready at short notice.

Inside of ten minutes the huge mat sails were hoisted, and swelling in the afternoon breeze. With a velocity that seemed incredible, in so light a wind, one after the other, the pirate prahus skinned over the faintly-heaving sea, and ran off, wing-awing, like a flock of sea-gulls.

Marguerite had inserted her little feet in a pair of velvet slippers, to walk abroad, by this time. She stood on the green slope that led down from the pavilion to the beach, watching the sea-rovers' departure. What a pretty sight she thought it; and how much prettier the sight of herself standing watching!

She stood there, watching the rapid gliding of the brown taffeta sails, as the little fleet stood off in single file, the large prahu of the Red Rajah at the head, with the scarlet flag fluttering at its peak. At last the intervening islands shut out the view, as one after another of the swift vessels rounded it, and disappeared.

Then Marguerite walked slowly back to her pavilion, thinking within herself what she should do to amuse herself. She was surrounded by obsequious slaves, all ready to do her bidding, and vie with each other to please her.

Sandala first suggested a ride, and her mistress was graciously pleased to assent. So the horses were brought up, slight-limbed, gracious creatures, with gorgeous saddles and trappings from Japan.

The beautiful Marguerite had learned to ride as well as a man, and in the same style. The loose trousers of her dress were, indeed, well adapted for such a mode of exercise.

Light as a feather, she sprung into her seat, and calling for her favorite falcon, galloped away to the interior of the island, followed by half a dozen of her attendants. Marguerite was passionately fond of riding and falconry.

The island on which she was, the central stronghold of the Red Rajah, was just the size for a convenient ride, measuring about

twelve miles across. It was diversified with lofty rounded hills, and deep valleys, full of small game; and on the north side it ended in a marsh, which was full of waterfowl.

Here Marguerite was fond of hawking, and toward it she directed her charger's steps, anticipating sport. Nor was she disappointed. She was able to fly her little falcon successfully at several teal and small ducks, and enjoyed beautiful sport. There is something so peculiarly fascinating in the institution of falconry, that there is no wonder that our heroine was detained watching her falcon till very near sunset.

At last, after a tough battle in the clouds from the plucky little falcon and a duck twice his size, ending in the death of the latter, struck through the brain by the sharp talons of "Fire-eyes," the young lady turned her falcon, and rode home, leaving her falcon to hood the little servant of her pleasure.

When she had climbed the hill, behind which her present home lay, she involuntarily drew the bridle to look behind her at the sea.

A broad path of gold lay across it, skirted the line of shore, and tipping every wave with fiery sparkles. Marguerite started, as she looked. About three miles from the island was a large brig, threading her way among the islets, whose cloud of snowy canvas appeared to be too large for the dark hull beneath. The stranger was coming as straight on as could be, apparently without any notion of danger.

Marguerite was astounded. She had not seen a vessel belonging to any civilized power ever since she had been on the island. Nothing but the piratical prahus, with their outlandish rig, had met her eyes.

At once it crossed her mind that they must be the Rajah's enemies come after her. What else could a vessel be doing there among those islands, where every stone concealed an enemy at ordinary times?

But the stranger appeared to have no fears, for he held on his course unflinchingly, till he had rounded a mountainous island, about a mile further on, when the wind-covered eminence concealed his sails from her view.

Marguerite sat on her horse, looking at the spot where the brig had vanished, till she was recalled to herself by her attendants riding up with the falcon. They had not seen the strange vessel, and she forbore to say any thing about it. She knew that in a very few hours the whole piratical population of the islands would be roused to attack the intruder, if seen by any of them. She did not wish to be accessory to the attack, herself. So she turned her horse and galloped back to the port, where lay the swift prahu under Kakoo's orders. She found every thing quiet. Nothing had been seen by any one there, and the shades of night were closing in. Marguerite retired to rest, full of conflicting thoughts. She had been perfectly happy while on the island, treated like a queen, and yet she felt now as if she wanted to escape a certain longing to be free, to see civilization once more, took hold of her, and with them the remembrance of the handsome Monsieur Claude, who "used to be so kind to her when she was a child!" she said to herself.

When she was a child! Why, she was still, in all but age and physical development. And the sight of the strange brig in a moment undid all the work of the Red Rajah, who had been slowly winning her heart to himself, with unexampled delicacy and kindness. The child forgot everything in a moment, but her old friend Claude, and she felt certain that he was in that vessel, coming to rescue her. "He could do any thing," thought Marguerite.

As he spoke he bent his lofty head to brush the pure-white forehead with his long moustache.

Marguerite put her white arms around his neck, as frankly as a child, but without exhibiting very much sorrow.

"Good-by," she said, brightly. "Be back soon. It will be very triste here when you are away."

"Good-by, Marguerite," he returned, holding her off for a few moments to look at her with great tenderness.

The girl returned the look with a smile. Then the Rajah drew her to him once more, kissed her forehead twice, and so left the tent abruptly. As he went he heaved a deep sigh, and as he walked down to the boat, his head, usually so erect and proud, was sunk upon his breast in meditation.

Arrived at the little port, however, he flung off his reverie at once, and entered into the business before him with his whole heart.

The pirate fleet was full of men, and bustle and hurry was the order of the day. Water bamboo were being hoisted, and swelling in the afternoon breeze. With a velocity that seemed incredible, in so light a wind, one after the other, the pirate prahus skinned over the faintly-heaving sea, and ran off, wing-awing, like a flock of sea-gulls.

Marguerite had inserted her little feet in a pair of velvet slippers, to walk abroad, by this time. She stood on the green slope that led down from the pavilion to the beach, watching the sea-rovers' departure. What a pretty sight she thought it; and how much prettier the sight of herself standing watching!

There was no more doubt now. The child-woman threw up her eyes to heaven with delight, clasped her hands and faltered out:

"Oh! Grand Dieu! C'est lui!"

Claude himself pushed aside the curtains and entered the pavilion, and the next instant the lost Marguerite was found again—found and weeping on his bosom.

"Oh, Monsieur Claude!" she was saying; "I knew you would come. I knew you would come at last. Oh! I am so glad. And you have come to take me to my aunt Eulalie, at Pondicherry—have you not?"

"Oh! Monsieur Claude! it was not horrid of him to send me to you?"

"I should rather think so."

"Do you remember when Jessica runs away with Lorenzo, what she does besides?"

"Takes all old Shylock's money, to be sure. And serve him right, too, the old hunkers."

"That's it, Rose. But I tell you what. I'm getting nervous about this business. Those Malay devils will never let her take them off in that prahu. How she has fooled them so far is more than I can tell."

"Well, captain," said Rose, quietly; "all

he saw her last. Slender and small she was still, but so beautifully rounded, with a shape that a sculptor might have modeled for Titania. The rough wanderer felt a strange rising at his heart, when he found this lovely little being, nestling so confidingly in his arms.

He was so pretty and so innocent, a woman in appearance, an innocent child in her manner. Presently she began to ask him how he came to find her out, and where he got his vessel. Then he learned for the first time that she had seen him from the top of the hill, and that hers had been the form of the distant horsewoman he had seen.

He told her in a few words that he had been cruising in the neighborhood in search of pirates, and had come there by accident.

"Pirates!" she exclaimed; "but there are no pirates here. My lord, the Red Rajah, rules over all these islands, and he is no pirate. He has many enemies, but he tells me,

"He has," said Peyton, dryly; "but did he never strike you that a man whose hand is against every man, might have every man's hand against him; and so be a pirate?"

"I don't know," said Marguerite; "but if he is a pirate, he has been as kind to me as an honest man, and never gave me cause to regret being in his power."

"Tell me, Marguerite, who is this Red Rajah, that I have heard of so often as the scourge of the Archipeago?" You have known him. Who is he?" asked Claude, with interest.

"I know no more than

not believe her denials; he will turn his back upon her. How I hate him—more and more, whenever I hear her speak his name! I almost incline to assist Meg Semper in an opportunity to strike at his heart without waiting longer! It would rid me of a formidable rival. Aha! how I have tormented him! My revenge is growing sweet indeed. Silly fool! Had he but looked at the paper, he would have seen that it contained no such notice. Only a trick of mine, to make him writh the more. Ha! h—! how sweet is revenge! My cheek is beginning to smart less. Soon the wound will heal, when I shall strike the final blow!"

"As the characters in this scene disappeared, a man who had been leaning against a tree, on the corner, whirled about, and gazed after the barouche.

"He had been a sly listener and witness to all that passed.

"This party raised the handle of a white umbrella to his lips, and mused aloud:

"That's the same black-eyed vixen I saw at the house in Richmond. Now what the deuce is she doing *here*? So, she's well acquainted with that old villain. What a nest of 'em I'm unearthing. A regularly organized ring, it seems, of genteel aristocratic rascals—male and female. By George! where does *she* live? I must know that, and then I'll have 'em all netted."

"As this latter thought struck him, he lingered not another second, but sped away in pursuit.

"He pulled his hat tighter on his head, and clutched his umbrella with a firm grip. He could not help recalling to mind a former race after a barouche, and the incidents connected with it.

"Now, if this one serves me, as that one did," he resolved, mentally, "I'll give in, and never chase another vehicle as long as I live—don't care who's in it!"

"The barouche proceeded leisurely along, and when Crewly gained a position abreast of it, he experienced no difficulty in the chase.

"The hat slid to the back of his head, to let more air play upon his temples, and he kept a Bandanna handkerchief whisking spasmodically around his throat, and over his face."

"That's more like it," he exclaimed, when he found it an easy matter to keep pace with the object of his pursuit. "Dreadful warm, though hot!"

"In front of the Kirkwood House, at Twelfth street, he met Waldron.

"Where to, Crewly?" asked the young man, detaining him.

"See that barouche, there?" was the interrogatory reply, pointing out to the street.

"Yes—"

"Well, I'm after it. Look at her good. Know her? Ever see her before, eh?"

"The same girl we saw at the large house in Richmond," said Waldron, slowly, as he caught a momentary glimpse of the beautiful face.

"Exactly. She's one of 'em."

"One of who?"

"The gang—there, don't stop me; when we grab 'em." Looks like a fascinating siren—a receiver of stolen goods, perhaps; a head center; queen of thieves, etc., etc. Go back to the hotel. See you to-night," and he started off at a rapid gait, to make up for lost time.

"Henry Waldron gazed, wonderingly after the lawyer, until the latter's fluttering duster was no longer visible in the throng, and then he entered the Kirkwood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER ON THE WALL.

"Bear firmly; yet a few more days."

"And the hard trial will be past."

—ANDREW NORRIS.

After the departure of Orle Deice, Cecilia fell to thinking.

Impressed with the awe of solitude, and the naturally strange feelings of one abruptly taken from home and friends, to be surrounded by mysterious company—for those with whom she was thus thrown, were, to her, mysterious; and the more so, owing to the brief revelation Orle had made—her mind, confused by the excitement of her situation, wandered in shadowy channels which left her summing, questioning, doubting.

Thus she sat, when Orle had left her; her attitude one of deepest reverie, and her gaze rested vacantly on the sunrays that played through the half-open window on the figured carpet.

The house was on Seventeenth street, and, as we have stated, near the canal. Beyond the tow-path shone the silvery waters of the Potomac, whose marshes were waving in the gentle breeze, like an overgrown woodland of the Naiads; and among the green trees that lined the shore, birds were reveling in the gayety of song.

To Cecilia's meditations wafted many a glad carol or murmuring whirr, and cool airs winged across the trembling bosom of the river, fanned and played with her wealth of golden tresses.

Over the scenes of the past few days; back to those loved ones in Richmond, who, notwithstanding all assurance, must long, heart-aching, for her return; to Reginald Darnley; to Henry Waldron; and the weird something that was to decide her choice in love; to the beautiful girl through whose solicitation she was there, and the singular story she had half told—at random, fancy flew, and the moments lapsed unheeded at lightning speed.

Suddenly, she uttered a cry of horror.

At her feet, in the sunlight, was a monstrous spider—its horrible little eyes fully snapping fire. It was an ugly thing; a large body of brownish color—like a tiny, inflated bug—and head of bristled gray. Its numerous legs projected above the back, elbowing thence to the floor.

It began to move toward her, and the powerless to move—as if riveted by some irresistible magnetism; speechless, her gaze fixed upon it, she drew back; till she leaned against the window-frame, and her features overspread with an ashen hue.

It advanced; its two sharp, pincer-claws struck rapidly together, as if in anticipation of a bloody feast; it crawled upon her slipper, then on to her dress; presently, it rose above her knee, and, pausing there for a moment, its body puffed out larger, and the poisonous mouth opened viciously.

Cecilia scarcely breathed. Chained in a dread spell, her heart stood still.

The spider moved again. Slowly, slowly upward; then it was upon her shoulder. The flesh of the neck shrunk as that cold, clammy, dragging object was felt upon it; yet, she had no strength, she could not strike off the fearful monster.

But, it continued to climb. Up, up—then it was upon her head. Wonderful preservation—it had left her, and was now crawling up the window-frame.

The spell was broken! With a shriek she bounded from her seat, and, in the same instant the door opened, and Meg Semper entered.

Even the presence of the hag was a relief, after passing such an ordeal, and Cecilia ran to her, grasping her by the arm.

Meg, not understanding the movement, tore the other's hands from their hold, and with a jerk and a push, sent her reeling across the apartment.

"Devils a loose!" she cried, shrilly: "what's the matter with you? What do you catch hold of me that way, eh? Are you going crazy? Do you want to tear me to pieces? I think you'd like to scratch my eyes out. Take care—I don't think too much of you yet, my pretty lady. It's a favor that I haven't choked you since we came here—and I might do it now if I wanted to; it's a good chance. Take care how you grab me again—your scratch-cat!—or I'll find out what I am."

"I know well enough what you are," Cecilia said, with a shudder, as she retired to a further part of the room.

"And what am I, eh?" demanded Meg Semper, with a harsh snap in her cracked voice, and advancing toward the girl.

"Keep off!" commanded Cecilia, sternly, returning the fiery gaze of the hag with an unavering glance.

"But, you said you knew what I was. Now, what am I, eh?"

"I tell you to keep off. Leave this room—"

"Oh! how long since you've been mistress here? Now, I know you're crazy! still advancing, step by step, in a menacing way."

"My head—my head! It aches!—it aches! Devil eat that spider! Its bite was poisonous, I fear!"

not told you the truth regarding his love."

With a further assurance that Meg Semper should not again annoy her, she left her.

As she walked away from Cecilia's room, Meg Semper came out of a closet on the opposite side of the hall, and looked after her.

"Fix it so that he shall come here to-night!" she muttered, using Orle's words to Cecilia. "And if he does come—now, may Satan seize me if I don't sink my knife in his heart! I'll do it before he can get to her, and before the cursed Calisman can stay me! I will! So, she gave the knife to the girl, eh? Now, Orle Deice, beware!—don't fool with Meg Semper; for, if you do, though I swore to stay by you and never offer you harm, I'll kill you, too! I will!" and she shook her fist savagely at the retreating form of the beauty.

Then, as she moved along the entry, she pressed her claw-like hands to her temples, and continued, in muttering strain:

"My head—my head! It aches!—it aches! Devil eat that spider! Its bite was poisonous, I fear!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A WOMAN'S ARMS.

"Peace is the atmosphere I breathe, And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower."

REGINALD wished to avoid meeting Orle Deice, satisfied, as he was, that she was the sole cause of all his troubles, and that, but for her, he would not now be weighed down by the dreadful gloom of a murderer's life, he hated sight of her—hated thoughts of her.

When he fled so abruptly—as if pursued by a goblin whose presence chilled the veins and balked the senses—he hoped to escape her entirely, and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction he looked back and ascertained that she was not in pursuit of him.

Half forgetting Gerard Henrique—in fact, careless as to that party's movements, he returned straightway to his rooms and locked himself in.

Solitude had many fascinations for him—he could think, could brood upon the miseries of fate, with pictures and characters of his mind's creation to surround him; and melancholy musings oft stirred the unrest of his conscience with an indescribable influence.

The day wore on.

Early in the afternoon, a servant knocked at his door, and informed him that a visitor was in the parlor.

"Man or woman?" he asked, gloomily, thinking at the same time it might be Orle Deice or Gerard Henrique.

"Woman, sir," was the servant's reply.

Reginald started.

"Is there no name?—did you not bring a card?"

"No, sir."

"Can you describe her?" frowning darkly.

"A rather slender woman, sir, dressed in black—with very bright eyes and a han-

some face."

"It is she!" interrupted the young man; and he fell to musing. "By Heaven! she must have tracked me, after all. She followed me; else, how discover my residence? What to do?—have her sent away? Ay, but would she go? No—it is useless to deny her; she is spirited, and will persist until the people in the house begin to wonder. Fate—fate—why is this being brought again upon my path? I had hoped that we were parted forever!"

"What shall I tell her?" inquired the servant, who waited patiently in the doorway.

"Admit her."

Orle Deice was ushered in.

Her beauty of face and form seemed even greater at this moment. The lustrous eyes sparkled doubly bright, the full lips, like half-opened rosesbuds, were moist in their dewy sweetness; her raven tresses were superbly arranged with jeweled pins; and, combining her costly and magnificent attire of gauzes, laces and illusions, the picture was that of a new-born goddess, whose advent was heralded by breaths of dreamy perfume.

"Reginald!" She smiled and extended her dimpled hands.

"Well, Orle—you here?" was the cold rejoinder, turning from her as he spoke.

"Yes, I have found you. But I had a hard hunt."

"I would it had been longer and less successful." Colder still.

She looked at him in wonderment.

"Is this your greeting, Reginald?"

"I have none other to offer. Why are you here?"

"Why am I here? What a question! Why, to see you."

The bright beauty of her face was losing color, and her voice faltered.

"And now that you do see me, have I altered much since we last met? I look ill, do I not? Well, I am. But you see me, and—I beg you to depart. You can have nothing to keep you here."

"Why, how strangely you talk! You are not yourself."

"Strange? True, I am not myself. Please begone; your presence is distasteful."

"And now that you do see me, have I altered much since we last met? I look ill, do I not? Well, I am. But you see me, and—I beg you to depart. You can have nothing to keep you here."

"This is unexpected, is it not?"

"Yes. But, I may not be gone over a couple of hours. When I come back, I want to talk with you."

"You will finish the narrative you began this morning."

"Yes. Were you disturbed at all while I was away?"

"A great deal," answered Cecilia, promptly.

"That fearful woman came here and tried to make me miserable by threats and menaces. But for the weapon you gave me, I fear I might have suffered much at her hands."

Orle frowned, and the dark eyes sparkled with angry thought.

"She threatened you?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I really can not imagine. I'm sure I offered no encouragement to her approach."

"I'll speak to Nemil. He'll see to it that she does not come near you again," Orle said, decidedly.

"Shortly arising from her seat, the beauty bantered:

"A bracelet of gold, that you can not guess where I am going."

"Where?"

"To see Reginald Darnley."

Cecilia started.

"I'll fix it so he shall come here to-night," added she; "then you shall see if I have

not told you the truth regarding his love."

With a further assurance that Meg Semper should not again annoy her, she left her.

As she walked away from Cecilia's room, Meg Semper came out of a closet on the opposite side of the hall, and looked after her.

"Fix it so that he shall come here to-night!" she muttered, using Orle's words to Cecilia. "And if he does come—now, may Satan seize me if I don't sink my knife in his heart! I'll do it before he can get to her, and before the cursed Calisman can stay me! I will! So, she gave the knife to the girl, eh? Now, Orle Deice, beware!—don't fool with Meg Semper; for, if you do, though I swore to stay by you and never offer you harm, I'll kill you, too! I will!" and she shook her fist savagely at the retreating form of the beauty.

She brow became stern; his eyes seemed lighting with their old brilliancy, and his lip quivered. A strange feeling crept over him as he made that declaration.

"Done nothing?" he repeated; then grasping her by the wrist, in a hold that was painful.

"Reginald, as Heaven is my witness, I have done nothing!" she cried, passionately.

"Oh! tell me—tell me of what I am accused!"

His brow became stern; his eyes seemed lighting with their old brilliancy, and his lip quivered.

"Done nothing?" he repeated; then grasping her by the wrist, in a hold that was painful.

"I once borrowed a sum of money from you."

"Yes," in a panting accent, while she trembled beneath his fierce glance.

"You said I need never return to it, if I did not choose."

"Yes, yes; and I meant it, Reginald."

"Meant it! Did you not send a negro to my father's house, a few days ago, with a note bearing your signature?—and, in

SATURDAY JOURNAL

JOURNAL

78

"I feared to tell my friends what I heard," said Louie; "they would not have believed me. But I heard it plainly for one moment. I thought it must be United States soldiers. But, you, sir—have you heard no firing since sunset?"

"Not a shot, madam," said Hays. "Is there fighting going on?"

"About ten miles from here, sir," she answered, "my uncle, Colonel Magoffin, is fighting a band of Indians, headed by one Tiger Tail, a Seminole."

"Better and better!" said Hays; "madam, you have done nobly to-night. Before morning your friends shall be safe. Where are they?"

"On the other side of the river, sir," she said; "I swam the stream on my horse, and attracted many of the Indians in pursuit, but heaven only knows how many were left. Pray, sir, shall we not start now?"

"There is no hurry, madam," said Hays, who had been listening intently during the whole of this conversation; "your pursuers have halted. They don't like the sparks of fire here, and fear to advance, but don't like to fly. They can't tell how many we are. You'll see that, if we keep quiet, they'll come on; and the closer we get them, the better off we shall be when it comes to a race. Now let us listen, if you please."

The whole party preserved a dead silence for some minutes, during which there was equal quiet on the prairie without. Hays finally threw his rifle over his arm, and, leaving his horse behind, moved off into the darkness ahead to reconnoiter. Louie took hold of his horse's bridle as naturally as could be, and without asking.

The figure of the Regulator chief was seen for some minutes, slowly advancing in a crouching posture, rifle in hand. Then he dropped to the earth, and disappeared from view in the darkness.

Louie waited, all attention. The Regulators stood at their horses' heads like black statues. The only sound heard was the occasional snort of a charger, and a low murmur of distant voices, from Louie's baffled pursuers.

The girl knew well that, out there in the darkness, was the man who had murdered Oscar Peyton, her betrothed. No beard could hide him from her. She had recognized him in a moment. Her daring ride had been executed with the express object of drawing him off from the block-house, and it had succeeded so far. Would he be captured now?

While she sat on her horse, thinking these thoughts, and striving to pierce the darkness with her eyes, the distant murmur of voices ceased. Every man among the Regulators, silent and without orders, prepared to mount his horse.

Louie involuntarily straightened up in her saddle, and trembled with excitement and chill combined. Her long skirts were not dry yet, from her swim in the river, and the night air was cold. Suddenly, she heard a distant voice, from the party of her pursuers, utter a cry in the Indian language. The next minute there was a bright flash in the darkness ahead, and the report of a rifle followed.

Up sprang the Regulators to their horses, as a yell burst from the darkness, followed by the flashes of forty or fifty rifles, all in a clump in the plain, some quarter of a mile off.

But as soon as the first volley was off, it was answered by five distinct flashes, from the same point as the first, and the cries of anger and pain which followed from the Indians, showed that the repeating rifle of Colonel Jack Hays had not been aimed in vain at the crowded mass of his enemies.

Then a clear, sharp voice shouted back:

"Forward boys. Don't fire a shot!"

Louie shook her rein and dashed forward; while the Regulators, all together, uttered a tremendous yell, and swept down toward the spot where the flush of their leader's rifle told them he was. In a moment they were up to him, while the Indians, never waiting the attack, were heard galloping off into the darkness at full speed, and in total silence.

There was a momentary halt around the sheriff, as he mounted his horse, but not for long. The active borderer leaped into his saddle, and led the pursuit at a round pace, after the sound of the fugitives' horse-hoofs.

Louie Dupre was beside him, her fleet little mare keeping up gallantly with the foremost, and away they went over the prairie.

But before long the sound of the horse-boots in front became fainter and fainter, while it spread out to the right and left, as if the fugitives were scattering.

"Where are your friends?" called out Hays to Louie, at this time, as they galloped along, his voice nearly drowned in the thunder of hoofs.

"Up the river," answered Louie, in the same tone, and pointing that way as she spoke.

"Can't catch these fellows to-night," cried Hays, in accents broken by the rapid motion; "must do the best we can. Chase straight up-stream."

Louie nodded her understanding, and away they went, straight up the stream, the fugitives in their front growing less and less every moment. Among the numerous mottes that abounded on that prairie was easy for most of the Indians to elude pursuit on so dark a night. Two or three prisoners was the utmost they could expect, unless the pursuers scattered, and Hays was too cautious a leader to allow that in an unknown country.

So up the river they went at full speed, keeping only some two or three fugitives in their front, whom they slowly gained upon. But half an hour's such riding brought them within hearing of the fight that still raged around the block-house, and in sight of a line of watchfires, built by the Indians in a circle around the place they were besieging.

The flashes of rifles from the line of the block-house were so numerous, that Louie thought that her uncle must have reached the place in safety, and she briefly explained the fact to Hays as they galloped along.

They were still on the other side of the river, and about three miles below, when the firing began to die away in fitful flashes, and Louie gave a sigh of relief.

"Thank Heaven!" she said; "we shall be in time to help them. They have beaten off the Indians."

Hays made no answer for some minutes, as he galloped on. His eyes were fixed on the distant watchfires, and he seemed to have entirely forgotten the fugitives in his front.

"How many men has your uncle got?" he asked, abruptly.

"About twelve or fourteen, sir," said Louie; "if Mr. Carroll and Thornley are with him, which I think, there are fifteen at least."

"Carroll? What Carroll? Wash Carroll?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, sir," panted Louie, out of breath from the rapid riding.

"Are there any wagons?"

"Two, sir. They began to build a block-house, but—"

"Humph!" muttered Hays to himself with a grunt, just like an Indian. It was his only exclamation of any kind, except a very rare oath.

The exclamation was called forth by the sudden bursting out of a bright flame on the summit of the knoll where the blockhouse stood. It rose higher and higher, the dark frame of the square edifice standing out boldly in relief against it, with several moving figures above the rampart. The fire proceeded from the two wagons which were drawn up by the entrance, both of which were in a bright blaze.

No sooner was the flame fairly alight than a simultaneous volley came from all quarters from the besiegers, and two of the figures on the ramparts were seen to toss their arms up and fall back.

"Which motte are they in?" demanded Hays, quickly; "and how many of them are there?"

"There are only the cunctel and Mister Eugene, and Miss Tennie. Ed Thornley, my pardner, es soon ez ever he h'ard that Miss Louie, hyar, hed rid off on sich a chase, he goes off like a madman to find her, and whar he are at this present time is more than I kin say. Ed kin take o' hisself, I guess, of he k'arn't find Miss Louie."

"Well," said Hays, gravely, "you people have made precious folks of yourselves, scattering in this way. I'll have hard work to find you all. Are you hurt much, Wash?"

"Reckon I am," said the mustanger faintly; "I knifed all three o' them cusses in the scrimmage, but I got two or three plugs myself. I guess. Poor Strother, he got hold o' two 'em, and smashed thar durned brains out together. He war an orful strong cuss, anyhow, he war."

The sound of a shot fired across the river, and a regular Indian yell, at this moment startled every one.

Jack Hays stamped his foot angrily, and muttered:

"I thought so. The stragglers have got them."

He ran outside, and went to the edge of the bank to look across the river. The light of the burning wagons was reflected on the figures of several people on horseback, galloping down to the ford, pursued by the very Indians he had but lately pursued himself.

Louie Dupre came out after him, and recognized the figures of her brother, her uncle, and Tennie, just as they leaped into the water, with the Indians hard after them.

But whose was that form, mounted on a black steed, and dressed like a Mexican ranchero, who headed the Indians?

Louis Dupre shuddered and shrieked, as she recognized the evil spirit, Antonio Miquelez, and saw that he was whirling a lasso over his head. The next minute it flew far out over the water, and hovered over the head of poor Tennie Magoffin.

There was a shriek from the unhappy girl, and then the gazer saw her plucked from her horse, and whisked toward the shore in an instant, while the colonel and Eugene turned their horses, and rushed desperately on, to meet the terrible odds against them, but in vain.

Louie saw the Indians rush forward, and closed around her, beating off the frantic father, and shooting both the horses of the white men down. Then poor Tennie was dragged up from the ground, and placed upon the pommel of the Black Mustanger's saddle, when the whole party rode off across the prairie, and down-stream, with a yell of loud triumph. Colonel Magoffin was seen to run forward on foot, firing his revolver but the shots were not answered, and the poor father fell to the earth at last, helpless and despairing.

But at this sight quiet Jack Hays suddenly raised himself, and swore the only oath he was ever known to utter.

"Now, by the God who sees me," he said, in a deep voice, "I'll have that girl back, and kill that fellow, if it takes every horse in my command. Young lady, you stay here. I'll leave two men to guard you in this place. No answer, I must be obeyed now."

He spoke very differently from what he had.

In five minutes more, headed by their redoubtable leader, the Regulators were crashing down the bank into the river, after the fast-vanishing forms of Miquelez and the Indians.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

WHEN the Regulators had all arrived, and not till then, the sheriff dismounted from his horse, passed by the remains of the burning wagons, which were standing at some little distance from the door of the block-house, and entered by the narrow aperture left for the purpose.

CHAP. XX.

THE LASSO CAST.

CHAP. XX.

THE RUMBLE BULLETS.

CHAP. XX.

TO FRED—ON A BIRTH-DAY OCCASION.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

In looking o'er the family scroll
Of births, and so forth, *ad infinitum*,
I need not say my heart ached
To find recorded here this item:

"At ten o'clock, November first,
Year Eighteen hundred—balance
Joseph Demosthenes De Hurst,
The smallest Jot, God bless the blessing."

Now, I'll expect you on that day;
So, write for benefit of clients
Upon your slate—Shall be away
A week or two or three—well,
The man who hesitates—not well,
Is worse than lost, so mind you hurry.
Brown will be here, and Smith and Bill,
And also we'll have—Tom and Jerry!

Behold, I stand in man's estate
An older one but not a wiser;
My chances of becoming great
Are very small, my dry, sir;
I need your sympathy, sir—well,

Because, you see, I'm growing older,
And though you can not give me joy,
We'll give to dull care the cold shoulder.

Come; we will try to give you cheer,
In spite of unpropitious season;
We'll have a talk on all things dear,
With flow of souls and feasts of reason;
We'll have a good sport, sir—well,

For we need how fast those hours will travel;
Our joyful college days, in short,

So long wound up, we will unravel.

At night we dance; the beantons mads
From all the country round you'll see here;
Kate, whom you loved, how romance fades!

His long since married, but she'll be here!
The hills at home are hard at work,
And every hand is toil, sir—well,

They keep on running like a Turk
Between the baker and the grocer.

And every thing is upside down,
To be brought round in perfect order;
A host will be here from the town,
And all the girls upon the border.

Come; we will try to give you cheer,
Attending to your duties, greater;
Rather than not to see you come,
I'll set the day a little later!

The Step-Brothers.

A STORY OF COLONIAL TIMES.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ONE sultry summer evening in the year 1675—a dark year for the brave colonists of Massachusetts—two young men confronted other upon the shore of the lovely Narragansett Bay.

"William," said one, whose countenance beamed with great intellectuality, "I am astounded at your unbrotherly conduct. For fifteen years we have shared the same bed beneath my father's roof; ate at the same table; shared the little sorrows and joys of childhood with each other, and grew to manhood, side by side. And, now, because the fairest woman in Massachusetts has promised to become my bride, you curse me, and swear that I shall never wed her," and the speaker gazed reproachfully into his step-brother's face.

"And I will keep that oath, if you persist in your present course," was the response; and William Hartley clenched his effeminate hands until the untrimmed nails woundingly wounded the soft, white palms.

"For shame, William!"

"Ha! you think I will not fulfill my oath," cried William. "Though you have been my companion for years, Volney, you do not know the heart that beats within my bosom. I have loved Editha Wagner a long time—loved her in secret, and in secret worshipped her. Last night I made bold to approach the haughty beauty, and crave the hand I have worshiped so long. And what think you she told me?"

"That she was my promised bride."

"Yes, and in the bitterness of my disappointment, I cursed her, and hurled malevolence on your head, for, were it not for your hated form, I would be the happiest mortal on earth."

Volney Mather smiled.

"Smile over your victory," cried William, with a sneer; "but the day is coming in which you will curse the hour when she gave you your betrothal kiss."

"I fear not a coward's th'ats."

"A coward! In the future you shall eat these words or die," and William Hartley strode from his step-brother, livid with rage.

"This hour," he continued, suddenly pausing and confronting Volney, "I leave the roof that has sheltered me so many years—whose memories now I curse, because you are associated with them. I blaspheme the holy Sabbath day that gave you birth. I go to return, in the fire and smoke of battle."

"What mean you, William?" exclaimed Volney, rushing forward.

"I mean that Philip, the great King of the Wampanoags, has declared for war. He has sent his women and children to the Narragansetts for protection; and the coming winter will witness the inauguration of hostilities."

"This is news to me; but I can not credit it," said Volney. "Philip is too chivalrous to unearth the hatchet."

"You shall see, disbeliever!" said William, hurrying away. "This day do I alienate myself from my people. I join the dusky cohorts of the red king, and Editha Wagner becomes the bride of the White Chief."

"Go!" shouted Volney Mather. "Go, base-hearted renegade, brother of mine no longer; and when the war-cloud bursts, I pray that we may meet in the red field of battle."

The speaker watched his step-brother disappear from sight, and then retraced his steps to Swanzey.

The young renegade's prophecy regarding the bursting of the war-cloud, was fulfilled.

The ensuing week witnessed the carnal destruction. Issuing from his wooden fortresses, Philip led his red demons upon the unprotected settlers, and the smoke of burning cabins was discernible on every hand. While the feeble government was arming for the conflict, the work of destruction continued, and at times it seemed as though the entire colony would be stricken from existence by the gory tomahawk.

Among the red hounds stalked William Hartley, disguised as a Wampanoag chief!

When the news of the Indian massacres reached Swanzey, Volney Mather, scarcely crediting them, mounted his horse, and rode from the town in the direction of the home of the Wagners, several miles from the village.

The Wagners, by hard toil, had amassed quite a deal of wealth, and their residence was, consequently, much larger and better than the abodes of their less wealthy neighbors.

As young Mather approached the dwelling, an ominous silence brooded over the

place; and not a soul greeted his vision as he entered the great gate, and rode up the lawn.

He advanced; the silence became almost palpable, and when his eye fell upon the gory form of the noble white watch-dog, that lay beside the path, an icy chill of horror crept to his heart, and he quickened his animal's gait.

At the front porch he dismounted, and, picturing the horrible sight he expected to behold within the building, paused with a faint heart, afraid to enter.

While thus, with fearful heart, he stood amid desolation, a child's shout saluted his ears, and up from the cellar bounded a little girl, who ran to him with a cry of joy.

At least, little Lucy, the pet of the house, had saved him!

The young man dropped the rein of his faithful steed, and raised the child in his arms.

"Lucy, dear little child," he said, gazing tearfully upon the wan, pale face of the little one, "tell me all."

Assured by his kind look and tears of sympathy, in her childish way she related the story of the swoop of the red hawks.

The night previous, the house was surrounded by Indians, her father slain while defending his children, and Editha carried into captivity by a chief, who spoke English remarkably well. During the meler little narrator sought refuge in the cellar, where she was not discovered by the red marauders.

When Lucy told Volney Mather that Editha's captor called her by name, he covered her face with his hands and groaned: "My God! That man was William Hartley."

Then he entered the building, and, in the rear of his once happy home, Richard Wagner was decently buried.

Like the wind the young colonist bore Lucy to Swanzey, and that night he rode again from the village.

Once in the darkest recesses of the forest, the now thoroughly aroused and enraged young man donned his civilized habiliments, and, to all outward appearances, became a Wampanoag warrior.

His accurate knowledge of the language and customs of his enemies, completed the deception, and, ere dawn, he fearlessly stalked into the great council-house, where the chiefs were debating their plans for concluded massacre. He proclaimed himself

not a sign of fear visible upon her beautiful face. "He would enslave me, and death at the stake would be your doom. Death, sooner than such fates!"

He kissed the tempting lips upturned to him, and told her that a leap from the cliffs might not prove their doom.

Their chance for escape was what the first numeral is to one hundred.

Horrified at the colonist's bravery, the savages paused, and some drew back with horror and amazement.

Suddenly, one sprung forward.

"I know you now!" he cried. "Curse you, Volney Mather, you shall not triumph!"

He had never accomplished his fell purpose. Volney's tomahawk crashed into his temple, and before he could touch the earth, his avenging step-brother's hand clutched his throat, and hurled his hated body over the cliffs!

The Indians sprung forward; but, their hands closed on cold night-air, for the lovers had disappeared!

Far below, among the waves, their fall being broken by many boughs of trees, Volney Mather and the woman he loved struggled for life.

After superhuman efforts they reached the opposite shore, and while they paused to regain exhausted strength, a white face floated past. It was the face of William Hartley, the renegade!

Believing the lovers dead, the Indians did not pursue; and when the sun of bloodshed had passed over the colonies, Volney Mather took unto himself a bride, and the old Wagner house became a happy home again.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

How Rube and Billee "Slung" the Bufflers.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

"He-he-hee! Ho-ho-hoo-o!" roared Old Rube, lying back on the grass, and fairly kicking up his heels. His comrade, sworn chum, Bill Grady, had said something to him in an undertone, and straightway the old fellow had gone off almost in convulsions.

"Billee's bull war a little the biggest, an' so mine war the fust to flop over."

"Sich a beller es ther 'ere buffler give when he struck the groun', feet uppermost."

"Uv coarse, when he war down it suddenly checked up o'ther 'un, an' kerfum-

all doubled up wi' larfin', when the ole man skipped up behind an' knocked me clean into ther brier-patch wi' a clap-board laid on 'bout hyar, an' I ups an' tells him all about it.

"We hain't got no cats," sez Billee, "but we ar' got bufflers, an' they'll do I reckon, fer want o' better."

"At fust I thort he war jokin', but when he sed how it could be did, I jess like to 'a' busted wi' on'y thinkin' how funny 'would be."

"Next mornin', airly, we war up an' gitin' ready for the spree."

"We both picked out ther best lariats we hed, an' takin' a spar 'un' along, we mounted an' put fer the perary, whar' we see a drove the evenin' afore."

"Shore enuff that they war! A bustin' drove uv 'em, an' the ole bulls purty much tergerther over by the edge uv the timmer."

"See them two ole chaps, close alongside one 'nother," sez Billee.

"Them's our meat," sez I, an' arter scoutin' aroun' through the timber a bit, we kum purty nigh to whar' they war feedin'."

"Ar' yer ready, Rube?" sez Billee.

"I jess ar'" sez I, an' out we busted, wass'n a hurricane, an' afore ther bulls knewed whar' we war, we war alongside."

"I've got mine!" yelled Billee, a second arter I see him throw his lariat.

"The words warn't more'n out afore I hed my feller all fast an' tight."

"Quick, Rube! this a-way!" shouts Billee, es ther two bulls broke away runnin' side by side, jes' es of they war hitched in harness.

"I got over to whar' Billee war es soon as posseble, an' handed him my lariat, which he took an' tied fast onto the end uv his 'n, an' then drapp'd em both."

"Now fer to start em' different ways," sez Billee, an' we begun pressin' them brutes so hard that they shied off an' started, one turnin' a leetle seuth'ard an' other more to ther east."

"When we see that, we pulled up and waited to see ther fun."

"Lordy, boyees! I wish you on'y ked a' seen them bulls when ther line begin ter tighten on 'em."

"Billee's bull war a little the biggest, an' so mine war the fust to flop over."

"Sich a beller es ther 'ere buffler give when he struck the groun', feet uppermost."

"Uv coarse, when he war down it suddenly checked up o'ther 'un, an' kerfum-

funny, I do rockin', but it war jess red blazes on us an' the bulls."

"Well, they kep' us at it till we both guy out, an' then they untied us an' took to ther timer, whar' they camped fer ther night."

"In course Billee an' me left 'em afore mornin', durned glad to do so, an' both sw'arin' that we'd never sling another buffer-bull. Didn't we, Billee?"

Short Stories from History.

Female Heroism.—To men belong not all the honor of deeds of valor and heroism in arms. History is full of instances wherein women performed acts and deeds which history will not let die. This is a case in point:

When Charles the Twelfth invaded Norway, in the year 1716, the main body of his army advanced toward Christians, whence a detachment was sent to destroy the silver works at Kongsberg. On this expedition, a party of eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Colonel Loeven, passed through a narrow defile in Harestuewood, and quartered for the night at Norderhug, in the neighborhood of which a small detachment of Norwegian dragoons had been stationed to watch the motions of the enemy. The Swedish commander, who put up at the parsonage, soon after his arrival received information that the Norwegians were only at the distance of three miles, and altogether ignorant of his arrival. Mrs. Anna Colbocrensen, the wife of the clergyman, who was confined at the time to his bed, happened to overhear a consultation among her guests, at which it was resolved to attack the Norwegians by break of day, and then to march against Kongsberg. She immediately determined to apprise her countrymen of their danger. In the meantime the greatest attention was paid to her guests; and while she appeared wholly occupied in providing for their entertainment, improved her information. She displayed equal apparent benevolence toward the private soldiers; and on pretext of wanting other necessaries to complete their entertainment, she dispatched a servant.

The Swedish colonel, in the meantime, inquired of Mrs. Colbocrensen the road to Stein, where he intended to station his outposts, and was completely deceived by her replies. He ordered his horses to be kept in readiness to such a degree that it served as a beacon to guide the Norwegians to the spot; for she had informed her countrymen that a fire would be a signal for them to advance. Every thing succeeded to her utmost wishes; and her address and intrepidity were rewarded by the arrival of the Norwegians at her house, without discovery.

They took the Swedish colonel prisoner, and either cut to pieces, or put to flight, the whole of his party; upon which they sat down to the entertainment which Mrs. Colbocrensen had provided for their enemies.

The next morning she went out, in company with another female, to view the field of battle. The Swedes, who had fled during the night, in the mean time rallied, and being still superior in numbers to the Norwegians, they resolved to attack them; but being ignorant of the force of the enemy, they sent out a reconnoitering party; who in falling in with Mrs. Colbocrensen, the corporal rode up to her, and pointing his carbine to her breast, demanded instant information as to the position and numbers of the Norwegians. Her companion fainted away; but Mrs. Colbocrensen boldly asked, "Is it the order of your king to shoot old women?" The corporal, abashed, removed his carbine, but persisted in his first question. "As to their numbers," she replied, "that you may easily find out, as they are at this moment mustering behind the church, in order to pursue you. More I can not tell you, not having counted them; but this I know, they are as numerous as the bees in a hive." Relying upon this intelligence, the party returned to their countrymen, who fled in all directions; and such was taken by the natives, and many lost in the forests.

An Augsburg journal gives a singular account of the heroism and presence of mind displayed by the daughter of a gamekeeper, residing in a solitary house, near Welheim. Her father and the rest of the family had gone to church, when there appeared at the door an old man, apparently half-dead with cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window which communicated from the room in which she had left him with the kitchen, she perceived that he had dropped the beard he wore when he entered; and that he now appeared a robust man; and that he was pacing the chamber with a poniard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand and the boiling soup in the other, and then struck him a blow with the hatchet on his neck, which brought him to the ground senseless. At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of an upper window, when she saw a strange hunter, who demanded admittance, and, as her refusal, threatened to break open the door; she immediately got her father's gun, and, as he was proceeding to put his threat into effect, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he made his way back to the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came, and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and, after useless menaces, if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to break it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The excitement of her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired shots and screamed from the